Sri Surata-kathamrita

Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti Thakur

kadāhaṁ seviṣye vratati-camarī-cāmara-marud-
vinodena krīḍā kusuma-śayane nyasta-vapuṣau |
daronmīlan-netrau śrama-jala-kaṇa-klidyad-alakau
bruvāṇāv anyonyaṁ vraja-nava-yuvānāv iha yuvām ||
Utkalikā-vallarī, 52

O Radha and Krsna! O fresh youths of Vrndavana! You are reclining on the bed of flowers, Your bodies covered with drops of perspiration from the fatigue of Your pastimes just as a leaf is covered with drops of water. Your eyes partially open, You are conversing. When will I serve You by moving the fan made of the stems of creepers?

śrī-kṛṣṇa uvāca—
citram idaṁ nahi yad aho vitarasy adhara-sudhāṁ nikāmaṁ me |
ati kṛpaṇo'pi kadācid vadānyatamatāṁ janaḥ priye dhatte ||1||
layam api na yāti dāne pratyuta ṛddhiṁ rasādhikāṁ labhate |
adhara-sudhottama-vidyāṁ vibudha-varāyādya me dehi ||2||
svānte bibhrati bhavatīṁ svānte vāsiny atisnigdhe |
mayi kim apūrvāṁ nādās tvam imāṁ ca yasmād viduṣy aho tatra ||3||

Krsna: O My beloved, although even the greatest miser will sometimes give in charity, You nevertheless refuse to let Me drink the nectar of Your lips, even though I repeatedly beg for it. Is this not very wonderful? I am Your most earnest student. Please teach Me the science of tasting the nectar of Your lips. Do not think Your instructions will go in vain. On the contrary, they will grow increasingly sweet if You import them to Me. O My beloved, I consider You My teacher, and I always meditate on You and carry You within My heart. Although You are learned in the science of amorous love, You don't want to teach it to Me. Why do You so adamantly refuse?

śrī-rādhāha—

kula-ramaṇī-tati-lajjā-nirmūlana-tantra-kauśalodgāraiḥ |
prathayasi kim u nija-garvaṁ jñātaṁ pāṇḍityam asti te tatra ||4||
daivād vipakṣatām api mayi yāntyā bata mamaiva sahacaryā |
nyastāhaṁ tava haste katham atra garvo bhaven na te ||5||
ayam api paramo dharmaḥ ślāghā mahatī taveyam eveṣṭā |
yauvana-phalam api cedaṁ kulā-balā-pīḍanaṁ yad aho ||6||

Radha: I know how expert You are at weaving a spell to uproot pious girls' chastity. Why are You showing off in this way? By My fate this inimical so-called gopi-friend has placed Me in Your hands. Pleased with Your good-fortune, You are now puffed up with pride. This does not at all surprise Me. This teasing of pious and chaste young girls is Your natural youthful proclivity. You are famous for this.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—

smara-narapati-vara-rājye dharmaḥ śarma-prado'yam ādiṣṭaḥ |
vatsyāyana-muni-nirmita-paddhaty-uktānusāreṇa hi ||7||
api ca—
atra pramāṇam iṣṭaṁ cen mad-ukte'pi na manyate kiñcit |
bharata-muneḥ kila śāstraṁ śāstrāntaram atra ko gaṇayet ||8||
vidyuti vidyuti-dāyī ślāghāṁ manute payodharaḥ svīyām |
vidyud api svāṁ suṣamāṁ payodhare ślāghayaty adhikām ||9||

Krsna: Please do not think I am speaking anything irreligious. I am simply repeating the moral codes of Kamadeva's kingdom. These codes are outlined in the scripture written by Vatsyayana Muni. By following them one attains all happiness and auspiciousness. If You have no faith in My words, then just consult Bharata Muni's Natya-sastra, and You will see that I speak the truth. Bharata Muni's sastra is the best of books. Who will consider any other scripture superior to it? By contact with the lightning

flash, the dark cloud considers that His own glory is increased. By contact with the dark cloud, the lightning flash considers that Her glory is increased.

śrī-rādhāha—
govardhana-giri-kandara-vāsī harir asīti śrutaṁ katidhā |
kula-bālā-hariṇī-tatir athāpi gacchaty ato na te doṣaḥ ||10||
kiṁ kurmaḥ svācarito dharmas tyaktuṁ kathaṁ punaḥ śakyaḥ |
dinakara-pūjana-vidhir iha kusumāvacaye pravartyate ||11||

Radha: Even though the chaste young fawns of Vraja have heard that You are like a lion residing in Govardhana Hill's caves, they still approach You. Who can blame You for pouncing on them? If You ask why we come to Govardhana Hill, I shall explain that we must come here to gather flowers for the worship of the sun-god. How can we avoid our religious duty to bring him flowers?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
vṛndāraṇya-purandaram api māṁ na girāpi karhicin manuṣe |
sūryārādhana-garvas tad ayaṁ rādhe na te bhavet kharvaḥ ||12||
govardhana-giri-dhāraṇa-kāraṇam ojo na te'dhikaṁ manute |
tava savayas-tatir api sa tavaika-kuca-śaila-garveṇa ||13||

Krsna: Although I am the supreme monarch of Vrndavana forest, You have not even once addressed Me in that way, and indeed, I think You do not even accept My sovereignty here. You are very proud of Your worship of the sun-god, but for Myself it is hard for Me to take these small things very seriously. Proud of the mountain of Your breasts, Your friends do not consider My strength very seriously. Even though I lifted Govardhan Hill with My own hand, they think I do not have the power to touch You.

śrī-rādhāha—

na kila kucau mama śailau paśyāmbuja-korakau navotpannau |
na tayor dalanaṁ marakata-śilānibhenorasā'dya te yogyam ||14||
kaustubha-maṇir atitaralaḥ sarala-matiḥ punar ahaṁ kula pramadā |
tad alam anena dhinotu tvāṁ nija-sadṛśaṁ bhṛśaṁ hṛdi-sthas te ||15||

Radha: You can see that My breasts are like delicate fresh lotus buds. If You press You hard sapphire chest against them, You will crush them and cause Me great pain. Why should I embrace You? If I embrace You then I must touch the Kaustubha jewel which decorated Your chest. This jewel is both fickle and insincere, but I am a simple, honest, pious girl. This jewel and I are a very bad match. Why should I consent to associate with this rascal jewel? This jewel may please You because You both share the same fickle nature, but it is not very pleasing to Me.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—

satyam ayaṁ bhaya-taralaḥ kaṇṭha-taṭāntaṁ mama priye śrayate |
dayate tava kuca-dvayam adhikaṁ sammardayaty aho sadyaḥ ||16||

Krsna: O beloved, because in the past Your cruel breasts mercilessly struck this jewel and caused him great pain, he has fled and sought protection on My chest. He restlessly moves about, not because of fickleness, but out of fear of Your hard breasts.

śrī-rādhāha—

tava khara-nakhara-vidāraṇa-sahanaṁ kucayor iyaṁ varā śaktiḥ |
kim atra sambhavati sphuṭam anayoḥ sva-bala-prakāśanāṭopaḥ ||17||

Radha: Whatever strength My breasts possess rests exclusively in their ability to tolerate the fierce attacks of Your sharpened nails. Otherwise,

how is it possible for My delicate breasts to be proud of their strength?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
mama khara-nakhara-mahāṅkuśa-ghātād api śata-guṇaṁ balaṁ labdhvā |
kolād iva kuca kumbhau mamārdayato bhṛśaṁ priye paśya ||18||

Krsna: Struck by the sharpened goads of My fingernails, the elephant foreheads of Your breasts have become maddened. O beloved, just see how they angrily strike Me with hundreds of times and cause Me great pain.

śrī-rādhāha—
kuca-padma-kuṭmala-yugaṁ mardayati tvāṁ nijāti-daurātmyāt |
vṛndāvana-vara-sindhura nanu dayase tvaṁ nisarga-kāruṇyāt ||19||

Radha: O delicate mad elephant who roams in Vrndavana's forest, do not touch My hard lotus bud breasts. They will certainly cause great pain to Your tender hand.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
tanvāte mudam uccais tāvaka-kuca-korakau yad imau |
nakha-candrodayam adhi kiṁ sva-yogyam atulaṁ na śobhate priye ||20||

Krsna: The lotus buds of Your breasts bring Me great happiness. O beloved, if the peerless moons of My fingernails shine over them, do they not make Your lotus bud breasts appear very beautiful?

śrī-rādhāha—
nakharānām atikharatā-ratāya te tāvakena kila vidhinā |
vraja-vanitānām arucya ruṣeva niramāyi kiṁ nūnam ||21||

Radha: Is it not so that Your great anger and sharp fingernails are simply a show You present to delight the girls of Vraja?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
kusumād api mṛdulāṅgyāḥ kucayor evāsti hanta kāṭhinyam |
iti tan niṣkāśayituṁ kṣuṇatti nakharāvalī caturā ||22||

Krsna: Although Your body is as soft as a flower, Your breasts are very hard. The weapons which are My fingernails are eager to expertly attach and soften those hard breasts.

śrī-rādhāha—
hanta kṛtaṁ bata kim idaṁ surata-rasonmada-kula-striyāḥ kadanam |
hārās truṭitāḥ kāñcī galitā skhalitā tathaiva me veṇī ||23||

Radha: O libertine intoxicated by amorous desires, You are causing Me, a chaste, pious girl, such distress that My necklace has become broken, My belt has slipped from My waist, and My braids have become undone.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
hārā balād uru-bhārāḥ kṛśam api madhyaṁ ca nahyate kāñcī |
cikura-kadarthana-bhūtā veṇī tad imā rakṣituṁ na yogyāḥ ||24||

Krsna: Because Your jeweled necklace is so large, it has naturally broken by it's own heavy weight. Because Your waist is so slender, Your belt has naturally fallen to the ground. Because Your hair is so curly, Your braids have naturally become undone. Do not ask Your gopi friends to fix Your necklace, refasten Your belt, and retie Your braids. It is not proper for them to do this. I am Your beloved. I shall fix Your necklace, belt and braids.

śrī-rādhāha—
ūdho yena girīndras tam api na vahato mamoraso bhāraḥ |
hārair bhūṣaṇa-bhūtair abhūd iyaṁ sneha-mudrā kim ||25||
kuca-giri-vahana-paṭutvaṁ kṛśam api madhyaṁ yato balād dhatte |
maṇimaya-kāñcī-bandhād eva tam ṛte dṛḍhatā'sya kena syāt ||26||
utkarṣaṇāv ākarṣaṇa-paryāyodita-parasparāsaktyā |
prītir iyaṁ kila veṇī-cikurāṇāṁ na ca kadarthanaṁ vācyam ||27||

Radha: Although You easily lifted Govardhana Hill, the King of mountains, You were so inconsiderate that You did not prevent these necklace slipping from My breasts. How is this a sign of Your love for Me? But trussed by this firm jeweled belt, My slender waist is able to hold up the great weight of the two mountains which are My breasts. Without this belt how will I be able to carry this weight? Entwined about each other, these two braids have become lovers. This is not an absurd statement, it is the truth. You are such a rascal that You have needlessly separated these two lovers.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
satyam ahaṁ giridhārī kara-nalinābhyāṁ giri-dvayaṁ dhāsye |
madhyasyātra paṭutvair alaṁ balaṁ kila mamaivāstām ||28||
cikurāṇām api veṇyāḥ parasparāsaktiḥ sūcitā |
prītyā kiṁ phalam iha yadi paricaraṇaṁ te na kurvanti ||29||
veṇī-bandha-vimuktaś cikura kalāpo'tra vellito marutā |
cāmaratām upayātaḥ svinnāṅgīṁ vījayaty aho bhavatīm ||30||

Krsna: Do not worry that now Your belt has fallen and Your heavy breasts will be without support. I, the lifter of Govardhana Hill, shall support the two mountains of Your breasts with the strength of My two lotus hands. What is the need of belt? You may say that Your braids are lovers entwined in an embrace, but I say that if these lovers do not serve You, then their love is useless. Released from braids, Your hair has become like camara fan

moving in the breeze. By fanning Your perspiring body it now serves You in a way it could not have done in it's former bondage.

śrī-rādhāha—
āviskṛta puru śilpaṁ sakhyā me bahu vilambato racitam |
citrakam alika-taṭe tat-kṣaṇena vidhvaṁsitaṁ bhavatā ||31||

Radha: My gopi-friend spent a long time carefully drawing these artistic tilaka pictures on My forehead, and now in a single moment You have recklessly smudged them all.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
smita-mukhi rucārdha-vidhunā sucāru-bhālena me milanty eṣā |
tvad-alika-vidhu-rekhā'smai premnā'rpayati sma sarvasvam ||32||

Krsna: My dear smiling girl, it is not My fault that our foreheads have met. The crescent moon drawn on Your forehead has fallen in love with the glistening half-moon of My forehead. Placing herself before him, she gave all her heart to him.

śrī-rādhāha—
gaṇḍa-taṭe mama makarī śyāmā saralāti-citritāpy abalām |
makara-dvaya-tāṭaṅkaś capalo dhṛṣṭaḥ kadarthayaty enām ||33||

Radha: Your two quick, arrogant, fickle-minded shark-shaped earrings are now harassing the delicate dark-complexioned lady shark drawn in musk on My cheeks.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
ramaṇi mama śruti-yugalaṁ tvad udita-saudha-dravaiḥ plutaṁ tad api |

dvi-guṇita-tṛṣṇaṁ jātaṁ lolupatāyāḥ svarūpam evaitat ||34||

Krsna: My dear beautiful girl, although drowning in the nectar of Your words, My ears have become twice as thirsty. In order to drink this nectar they have sprouted these two sharks You call My earrings.

śrī-rādhāha—
lolupa-cūḍāmaṇir asi tavāṅga-vṛndaṁ ca lolupaṁ yad ayam |
man-nayanākta-masīm apy adharo rāgī sva maṇḍanaṁ kurute ||35||

Radha: I can see that You are the crown jewel of all lovers, and every limb of Your body is filled with ardent desire. Your lips, reddened with passion, are now ornamented themselves with the black mascara around My eyes.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
bandhūkāntara-vartinam alinam ivāyaṁ masī-dravaṁ dhṛtvā |
akṣṇor eva mudaṁ te tanute tad imaṁ kim ākṣipasi ||36||

Krsna: The mascara of Your eyes is like a black bumble-bee which enters the bandhuka flower of My lips to drink the honey there. My lips brings only transcendental pleasure to Your eyes. Why do You push them away?

śrī-rādhāha—
vande tava parihasitaṁ kaṁ devaṁ paricarasy aho nibhiṛtam |
yat prasādād adhītā saurata-vidyāti-cāturī-dhārā ||37||

Radha: With great respect I offer My obeisances to these delightful joking words. Please tell Me, what demigod do You secretly worship that You have become so expert at these playful amorous jokes?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
tava jaghanottama-sadanaṁ sarasaṁ devaṁ samupacarāmy atulam |
nibhṛta-nikuñja-gṛhasthaḥ prati dinam ucitādhikāra evāham ||38||

Krsna: Every day I go to a small cottage in a secluded grove and worship a peerlessly beautiful, nectar-like deity.

śrī-rādhāha—
satyam ataḥ svārūpyaṁ labdhvā dṛptaḥ kulābalā-nalinīḥ |
malinīḥ kuruṣe kā tava nayane patitā svakaṁ patiṁ bhajatām ||39||

Radha: I think that by this worship You have become as handsome as this deity, and this has made You very proud. You have been very successful at polluting the pious lotus-like girls of Vraja. Indeed what girl who comes within Your glance is able to resist You and remain devoted to her husband?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
sakhi tava nirāvṛtāny atirucirāny aṅgāny atīva saṅkucanti |
samprati man-nayanāntar viśanti mandākṣa-magnāni ||40||

Krsna: My dear friend, as I uncover Your exquisitely beautiful limbs they shrink from Me and dive into the ocean of bashfulness. I shall now rescue them from that ocean and bring them onto the dry land of My glance.

śrī-rādhāha—
dhṛṣṭatame tava nayane yan mitraṁ kaustubho dyutiṁ tanute |
tad iha mad-aṅgāny adhunā śaraṇaṁ yāntu tvad-aṅgānām ||41||

Radha: This Kaustubha gem, the friend of Your impudent eyes, is now

illuminating My limbs, and bringing them from the waters of modesty to the dry land of the touch of Your body.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
hitvā satṛṣa-dṛśau mama vairād iva kaustubhaṁ parābhūya |
viśati tava stana-yugalaṁ mad-dhṛdayāntaḥ sva-vikramaṁ bibhrat ||42||

Krsna: Fleeing from My thirsty eyes, Your powerful breasts have defeated their enemy, the Kaustubha gem, and invaded the country of My heart.

śrī-rādhāha—
kaṭhinatamaṁ tava hṛdayaṁ kuca-yugam api me pratīyate kaṭhinam |
tad ucitam anayor milanaṁ yogyaṁ yogyena yujyate yasmāt ||43||

Radha: Although My breasts are generally considered very hard and firm, Your chest is the superlative of hardness. It is very appropriate that these two compatible friends meet, for they share the same qualities.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
mad-uraḥ pakṣa-gatā tvaṁ mama yady akṣnor vipakṣatāṁ kuruṣe |
tad api tayos tvad-vadanaṁ prakāma-subhagaṁ mudaṁ tanute ||44||

Krsna: Even though You have made alliance with My chest and consider My eyes an enemy, still, the beauty of Your face brings great delight to those eyes.

śrī-rādhāha—
svacchandaṁ yadi ramase ramasva tatrābalāsmi kiṁ kuryām |
kṣipasi dṛśaṁ yad alajjaṁ mad-apaghane tat kathaṁ sahe kulajā ||45||

Radha: If You wish You may enjoy in this way, for I am a weak woman and

I have no power to restrain You. Still, I am a pious chaste girl. How can I tolerate these shameless ardent glances?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
yadi mama dṛṣṭi-cakoryā vidhu-mukhi naivopalabhyase daivāt |
hṛdaya-gṛhe khelasy api tathāpi hā jvalayasi prasabham ||46||

Krsna: My dear moon-faced girl, if You perform pastimes in the palace of My chest, the cakora birds of My eyes will not be able to find You, and if somehow or other they see You through a window, they will simply burn in the fire of separation.

śrī-rādhāha—
tava bhuja-yuga-dṛḍha-bandhaṁ vāmāpīhe'nyathā bhavan-nayane |
nistrapa-śiromaṇe māṁ trapāmbudhau pātayiṣyataḥ prakaṭam ||47||

Radha: I am simply a young girl, and I cannot break free from the strong ropes of Your arms. O crest jewel of shameless debauchees, Your eyes are about to cast Me into the ocean of shame.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
tvan-nayane ca mad-akṣṇor antevāsitvam icchataḥ kintu |
garvād iva na ca paṭhataḥ prakaṭaṁ prauḍhiḥ kiyato aho yad iyam ||48||

Krsna: Although earnestly wishing to learn from My eyes, Your eyes are so proud that they refuse to accept the inferior position of students, and thus do not approach their proper teacher.

śrī-rādhāha—
cetaḥ sphuṭati svayaṁ ca tathāpi nayane na tādṛśe bhavataḥ |

sādhvīnām iyam ucitā eva nisarga-trapākulatā ||49||

Radha: Think of Me as You like, but please do not look on Me in this way. Shyness is a most important virtue for a chaste young girl.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
samprati satyaṁ brūṣe trapāvatīnāṁ śiromaṇis tvam asi |
vatsyāyana-tantroktaḥ sādhvīnām ayam eva dharmaḥ ||50||

Krsna: My dear friend, You are the crown-jewel of all modest young girls. Now You are finally speaking the truth. Your words are confirmed by the Vatsyayana-tantra which clearly states that modesty is the primary virtue for a pious girl.

śrī-rādhāha—
yady apy arundhatī sā sādhvī-gaṇa-gaṇya-gauravā jagati |
dharmam imaṁ pāṭhayituṁ tām api śaknoti te nayanam ||51||

Radha: I think Your eyes are so pure and saintly that they can teach the principles of religion even to Arundhati, the most pious woman in the world.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
rāḍhe dviguṇita-śobhaṁ mad-āsya-paṅkeruhaṁ dhruvaṁ pibatu |
sampraty api nija-locana-madhukara-yugaṁ kiṁ na sarvathā diśasi ||52||

Krsna: O Radhe, why do You not say: “The bumble-bees of Krsna's eyes may now drink to their heart's content the honey of the doubly beautiful lotus flower of My face?”

śrī-rādhāha—
lāvaṇyādbhuta-vanyām ayaṁ tvad-aṅgaṁ na śīlayaty adhikam |
locana-śaphara-yugaṁ mama dṛg-anta-jālaṁ yadā nu tat kṣipasi ||53||

Radha: Although they would like to swim in the wonderful nectarean lake of Your bodily beauty, the two saphara fishes of My eyes are afraid that they may become caught when You throw the net of Your sidelong glance.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
nūpura-maṅgala-vādya-jñāpita-manasija-nṛpotsavāmodaḥ |
tvaritam upayāti ali-vandī kīrtiṁ ca tava prathayan virājate ||54||

Krsna: The tinkling sounds of Your ankle-bells proclaim the joyful festival of Kamadeva. Hearing this proclamation, these bumble-bee poets have hastened to this place in order to sing Your glories.

śrī-rādhāha—
dayita nṛpo'sy anubhūtaḥ satyaṁ manasija-paraḥ-śatānāṁ tvam |
diśi diśi satīṣu vikrama-vijayaṁ śaṁsati tavaivāyam ||55||

Radha: I can personally see that You are more handsome than hundreds of Kamadevas, and I can hear these bumble-bees proclaiming everywhere Your amorous conquest of hundreds of beautiful gopis.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
surata-mahā-makha-bherī tri-jagati garjaṁs tavaiṣa nūpuraḥ |
tarjati garvavatīs tāḥ prakāmam amarāṅganā api prasabham ||56||

Krsna: Your tinkling ankle-bells are like a great trumpet announcing the religious ceremony of Kamadeva. This trumpet's music has completely

demolished the pride of the beautiful girls in the heavenly planets.

śrī-rādhāha—
ramaṇa-mahodita-mada-bhara-mattāhaṁ kiṁ bravīmi te caritam |
stauṣi muhur nūpuram api nūpura-mātrāvaśiṣṭa-bhūṣāyāḥ ||57||

Radha: Maddened by the sharp bliss of these pastimes, I have lost all control over My thoughts and I can no longer glorify You with elegant words. You still have command over Your wit, and therefore You can repeatedly glorify these ankle-bells, the only ornaments You have not yet taken from Me.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
kiṁ kathyase svayaṁ bata ramaṇa-mahe tvaṁ samuddhatā satyam |
mada-bhara-matta yan nija-parihita-vāso'pi kuruṣe smarasāt ||58||

Krsna: This description is certainly true. Now that You have become maddened with the intense bliss of Kamadeva's festival, You should present an offering to him. I think You should devotedly offer him all Your clothing.

śrī-rādhāha—
sa kila taveṣṭā devatā madanaḥ śraddhāvatīr ato yuvatīḥ |
upadiṣyaitan mantraṁ śiṣyāḥ kuruṣe vitīrṇa-sarvasvāḥ ||59||

Radha: You have become the guru of us young girls and You have initiated us as Your faithful disciples. You have taught us the mantras glorifying Your worshipable deity Kamadeva, and You have taught us to surrender everything to him.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
tvayi punar asau rasajñaḥ smaro'pi ropita-mudā vasati |
yad idaṁ kuca-hāṭaka sampuṭa-yugam asya sarvasvam ||60||

Krsna: When he receives this offering, the enjoyer of rasas Kamadeva will become very pleased with You, and he will gratefully remain always within Your heart. He will accept the gift of the two golden jewelry boxes of Your breasts as the most valued treasure. He will make that gift the most important thing in his life.

śrī-rādhāha—
evaṁ cet katham anayoḥ kañcukam atha mauktikaṁ lasad-dhāram |
mṛgamada-carcāṁ dalayasi kalayasi ca kaṭhina-karāghātam ||61||

Radha: If Your Kamadeva values My breasts as You say, then why are You violently ripping My splendid pearl-decorated musk-anointed bodice with Your hard hands?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
sva-dhana-vyavahṛti-samaye hāṭaka-maya-samputasya yad dṛṣṭaḥ |
maṅgala-bhūṣaṇa-vasanodghāṭo mukha-dārḍhyataḥ nakhāghātaḥ ||62||

Krsna: What fault have I done? If, while opening a gold chest of auspicious jewels the lid becomes stuck and one uses his fingernails to try the box open, is there any fault on his part?

śrī-rādhāha—
tad vyavahartā punar atha kṛtvā dvi-guṇita-susambhāram |
āvṛtyātirahaḥ-sthaṁ kurute sampuṭam idaṁ ca bho dṛṣṭam ||63||

Radha: The owner has filled this chest with twice as many jewels, covered it with cloth, and very carefully hidden it.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
smara-maṇi-sampuṭa-kuca-yugam adhunāpy uttānam asti tat-kānte |
hṛdaya-gṛhaṁ mama pūraya kṛtvā'dho mukham idaṁ mahā-ratnaiḥ
||64||

Krsna: Now that I have opened the two Kamadeva's jewelry boxes which are Your breasts, please turn them upside down and fill the treasury-room of My heart with these large jewels.

śrī-rādhāha—
vidhinā vimṛśya nihitaṁ yāsām abaleti nāma yuktārtham |
tāsāṁ kuca-sampuṭayor adho mukhī kṛti-vidhau kva vā śaktiḥ ||65||

Radha: Because women are weak, the creator Brahma gave them the name «abala» (weak). How shall we weak women get the power to turn our jewelry box breasts upside down and deliver their contents to You?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
kati na karagraha-vidhinā kuca-sampuṭakāntarāhṛta rādhe |
moda-maṇīnāṁ tatayas tad api na me pūryate hṛdayam ||66||

Krsna: How many jewels of bliss have I not already taken with My hand from the jewelry boxes of Your breasts? Although I have taken them, My heart is still unfilled. My dear Radha, I require that You personally give them to Me.

śrī-rādhāha—

vraja-vanitāḥ śata-koṭyas tavaiva tāḥ paṇḍitāś ca rati-tantre |
hṛdayaṁ tad api ratau bata raṅkatamatvaṁ na te tyajati ||67||

Radha: Although hundreds and millions of Vraja's beautiful girls, who are all vastly learned scholars in erotic science, have given their hearts to You, still You cannot escape this amorous poverty in Your heart. This is certainly very wonderful.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—

smara-śikhi-tapte mama hṛdi sukumāryas tāḥ viśantu kiṁ mugdhāḥ |
tvam atisamarthā prasabhaṁ praviśya rājasi sadaivaikā ||68||

Krsna: None of these beautiful young girls has been able to enter My heart and extinguish this blazing fire of desire. You are the only one powerful enough to enter there and rescue Me from this distress. I know that You can not only enter, but remain there eternally.

śrī-rādhāha—

tad aye sva-raṅga-dāne svar-aṅganās tāḥ samānaya kṣipram |
tat-tan-nāma gṛhītvā muralī-gāne tavātra ko yatnaḥ ||69||

Radha: Just take up Your flute and play on it the names of the beautiful damsels of Indraloka. They will instantly rush here to please You. This is easy for You to accomplish.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—

nandana-vana-kusumāñcita-śiro'pi dhartuṁ nijātyayogyatayā |
tava pada-nakha-tala-savidhe lajjaṁ te sura-varāṅganā api tāḥ ||70||

Krsna: Although crowned with flowers from the Nandana garden, the beautiful girls of Indraloka are ashamed to come near Your lotus toenails, for they know there is no comparison between themselves and You.

śrī-rādhāha—
nābhī-vivara-varān me samudgateyaṁ na kānta-romālī |
kintu prakupita-bhujagī tad-unmukhaṁ kim u cikīrṣasi sva-karam ||71||

Radha: This line of hairs is actually an angry female black-snake emerging from the beautiful snake-hole of My navel. Why are You so eager to place Your hand near this poisonous snake?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
tava romālī-bhujagīṁ khelayituṁ mat-karaś calaty abhitaḥ |
bhavad-akhilāṅga-gatāny api romāny udyānti kiṁ roddhum ||72||

Krsna: My hand moves over Your body just to play with this hair-snake. As My hand moves over Your limbs, why do the hairs rise up in resistance?

śrī-rādhāha—
mad-akhila-gātra-bhaṭā api yataḥ parābhavam avāpya muhyanti |
smara-raṇa-matte tvayi kiṁ bata romnāṁ yujyate yuddham ||73||

Radha: Although the great soldiers of My various limbs at first tried to fight with You they were quickly bewildered and defeated. How is it possible, then for these small hairs to fight with You, who have become mad with victory in this amorous struggle?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
vayam atikṛśāś ca tad api prabhavāmodgama-vidhāv iti prakaṭam |

bhavatīm udgama-caryāṁ roma-bhaṭāḥ smarayanty aho caturāḥ ||74||

Krsna: Your hair-soldiers encourage You to resist Me. They are now saying to you: "Although we are very weak and thin, even we actively stand up in resistance!"

śrī-rādhāha—
rati-rasa-paravaśa ! sahate te'tathyaṁ kiṁ me tanor anvayaḥ |
ramayasva ativāmām api tāṁ na ca dayase kāntyā vedayase ||75||

Radha: O My dear debauchee controlled by amorous mellows, how will My bodily hairs tolerate Your continued hypocrisy? On the one hand You seem to give pleasure to this amorous girl, and on the other hand You mercilessly torture her with the beauty of Your body.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
smara-śara-rādhe rādhe samare samarekhayāñcite dvitaye |
iha bhavad-aṅga-mad-aṅge pratibhaṭam adhunā dhunānes tām ||76||

Krsna: O Radha, O expert archer of Kamadeva, let us now embrace, and the meeting of our bodies will crush the enemy soldiers which are the hairs of Your body.

śrī-rādhāha—
prasvedāmbu vamantī ghana-rasa-sikteva gātra-vallī me |
dalito lalitākalpas talpaś ca khaṇḍito no vā katidhā ||77||

Radha: The creepers of My limbs now shower a great monsoon of perspiration, My beautiful flower-ornaments are all broken, and this flower-couch is disarrayed.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
madana-ghanāghana eṣa sveda-miṣād varṣatīha tanu-vallīm |
ghana-rasa-bharaiḥ pratipadam udita-lasat-korakāṁ kānte ||78||

Krsna: On the pretext of making You perspire, Kamadeva is raining nectar on the creeper of Your body. O My beloved, at every moment he showers the two glittering, raised lotus buds of Your breasts.

śrī-rādhāha—
priya tava taruṇima-jaladher avadher anveṣaṇaṁ kathaṁ kurutām |
mahilā-mati-makarī tad viramyatāṁ ramyatāṁ rataṁ yātu ||79||

Radha: I am simply an amorous girl-shark swimming in the ocean of Your youthful handsomeness. How will I ever find the shore of that ocean? Please let us stop this talk. Let us simply enjoy amorous pastimes without interruption.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
atiniḥśvasita-samīraṇa-vegād dvi-guṇībhavan-mahā-vīcim |
keli-sudhā-saritaṁ nau mānasa-kariṇau muhur muhur bhajatām ||80||

Krsna: Our deep sighs have become hurricane winds bringing tidal waves to the nectarean stream of our pastimes. Our minds have become like maddened elephants repeatedly splashing and playing in the overflowing waters of that stream.

śrī-rādhāha—
khelati manaḥ-karī te satyaṁ prakaṭaṁ sa lakṣyate kintu |
tatraikyaṁ mama manaso brūṣe ko'trābhiprāyas te ||81||

Radha: I can clearly see the elephant of Your mind sporting in that nectar

stream, but why do You say that My mind also sports there? I do not understand Your intention. Please explain.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
śrīman-madana-surottama-sevā samsiddhaye tu nau manasī |
aikyam avāpya tvarayā tatra ca sāyujyam īhete ||82||

Krsna: Our minds are both earnestly engaged in the service of Kamadeva, the best of the demigods. In this way they have become one.

śrī-rādhāha—
svasminn eva tanor mama manasaś cāpy ekadaiva sāyujyam |
prasabhaṁ kuruṣe deva tvam eva sākṣān mahā-madanaḥ ||83||

Radha: O My Lord, I can now understand that because You are the great Kamadeva himself, You have now forcibly merged both My body and mind into Your own existence.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
sarvasvātma-samarpaṇa-kāriṇyai te mudā māraḥ |
svīyāṁ mauktika-mālām alike sveda-kaṇa-vyājād datte ||84||

Krsna: Kamadeva is very pleased by Your offering everything to him. On the pretext of placing drops of perspiration on Your brow, he rewards You, decorating You with his own pearls.

śrī-rādhāha—
tvad-alaka-nikaras tām api nītvā stimyati haṭhād ayaṁ capalaḥ |
madana-prasāda ity atibhāgyaṁ saṁślāghate svīyam ||85||

Radha: Your moving locks of hair have become wet by forcibly taking

Kamadeva's pearls from My forehead. Afterwards these thieves say among themselves: “It is by Kamadeva's mercy that we are so fortunate to get this treasure.”

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
tāmbūlāmṛta-rasa-lava-lābhenaivātra garvite bhavan-nayane |
antar-bahir api tad-rasa-mudite gaṇḍe kathaṁ nu me hasataḥ ||86||

Krsna: After attaining a drop of chewed betel-nut by My kiss, Your eyes glistened with pride. After attaining a drop of chewed betel-nut by Your kiss, My cheeks smiled with delight.

śrī-rādhāha—
yat sūcayasi rasa-priya tad idaṁ svenaiva pāṭhitaṁ tantram |
svayam eva vyācaṣṭe sa bhavān iti kila namas tubhyam ||87||

Radha: You are fond of tasting the nectar of these transcendental mellows by speaking in this way. These pastimes of Yours exactly follow the descriptions of the Kama-sastra. You are the original author of the Kama-sastra. I therefore offer My respectful obeisances unto You.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
man-mukha-paṅkeruham api citram idaṁ yad vikāśayasy adhikam |
guṇavaty atisurabhitena sva-vadana-sudhākara-sudhā-draveṇa hi ||88||

Krsna: By showering fragrant nectar, the moon of Your face has caused the lotus flower of My face to bloom with happiness. This is certainly very wonderful.

śrī-rādhāha—
nīla-nidher bata poto bindu-vyājena rakṣitaś cibuke |
tam api ca bhavad-adharo'yaṁ hṛtavān iti kati mṛṣāmy anayam ||89||

Radha: Although at first, on the pretext of placing a drop of chewed betel-nut on My chin, You decorated Me with an infant sapphire, after a while You reclaimed that gift with a kiss of Your lips. How many such improprieties on Your part have I patiently borne?

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
anurāgiṇam api sāgasam adharaṁ me daṇḍayasy ataḥ kopāt |
radanāstreṇa tad apy abhimanute labdha-prasādam evāyam ||90||

Krsna: Because My lips have offended You in this way, You angrily punish them with the weapon of Your teeth. Because My lips bear so much love for You, they consider this chastisement to be Your great mercy upon them.

śrī-rādhāha—
adhi radana-cchandanaṁ me sva-radana-kīrtiṁ na kiṁ vicārayasi |
yuvatī-sabhāsu citraṁ trapākulatamateyaṁ nu mayi sṛṣṭā ||91||

Radha: Do My teeth not know the glories of Your lips? When the young gopis see what I have done I become filled with shame.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
viṣamāśuga-raṇa-raṅge svāṅgenātula parākramā kramase |
darśaya bhuja-balam ayi bho mayi te dayite guṇāvalī phalatu ||92||

Krsna: Putting limb against limb You bravely fought Me in Kamadeva's battle arena. Just see the strength of Your arms. O My beloved! I grant You

the benediction that Your transcendental virtues shall be always glorified by Your exalted gopi friends.

śrī-rādhāha—
tanvīm api tanum etāṁ muhur atidārḍhyena veṣṭayate |
tvad-bhuja-bhujāṅga-pāśaḥ śvāso me kevalaṁ valate ||93||

Radha: These strong embraces of Your snake-rope arms have exhausted Me. Sighing, I find that I have no strength to continue these pastimes.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
samprati sākṣātkāro madanasya syād itīva jānīmaḥ |
yan naś cetas tvarate nirupamam atraika-bhāvāya ||94||

Krsna: Now we can both perceive the deity Kamadeva directly present before us. Both of our minds have become filled with peerless bliss, and in this condition I think we have attained sayujya-mukti, both of us becoming united in our joint service to Kamadeva.

śrī-rādhāha—
tāṇḍava-paṇḍita nitarām alam adhyāpana-śrameṇa te |
mad-apaghanāḥ svayam ete cāraṇa-caryāsu yānti naipuṇyam ||95||

Radha: O learned dancing-master, it is by Your instruction that these limbs have become expert at Kamadeva's dance. Please do not abandon Your student at this crucial moment.

śrī-kṛṣṇa āha—
madana-mahā-ghana-ghūrṇāghrātāny aṅgāni nau priye yugapat |
śvāsodita-jaya-caturima-bharam anyonyaṁ diśanti sonmādam ||96||

Krsna: Kamadeva's great monsoon clouds have brought a fierce hurricane pouring on our limbs. These sighs are merely our bodies' expression of Kamadeva's final victory over them.

locana-mīna-catuṣṭayam adhunā niṣpandatām urīkurute |
rasa-bhara-vismaya-matte naisargika-ceṣṭita-smṛtiḥ kiṁ syāt ||97||

At that time the four fishes of their eyes became peaceful. Struck with wonder at the sweetness of their pastimes, the Divine Couple could not remember anything else.

candana-nalada-sudhāṁśu-drava-maya-jala-yantra-veśma-madhya-sthe |
sthala-jalaruha-dala-kalpita-talpe'suptāṁ rata-śrāntau ||98||

Fatigued by these pastimes, the Divine Couple then took rest on a bed of lotus petals in a pleasant cottage sprinkled with a fragrant mixture of water, sandalwood, usira and camphor.

krama-valitair niḥśvasitaiḥ surabhayatoḥ svāminor athānyonyam |
nidrā-vṛddhim avetya pramoda-sindhāv ayaṁ janaḥ plavatām ||99||

Seeing my two masters, the charmingly fragrant Divine Couple, sigh and fall deeply asleep in each others arms, this insignificant person becomes drowned in an ocean of bliss.

surata-kathāmṛtam ārya-śatakaṁ nata-kandharo jano juṣatām |
rata-sukha-dhāma-gavākṣa-śrita-nayanaḥ svāminor aho kṛpayā ||100||

These one hundred verses named "Surata-kathamrita" are filled with the blissful pastimes of the Divine Couple. One who relishes these verses is

able, by their mercy to directly perceive their pastimes, as if his eyes were placed against the window in their forest-cottage.

praviśatu śanaiḥ śanair atha mūkita-nūpuraṁ janas tatra |
gātre nibhālya yūnoḥ sva-valaya-rājīṁ pidhāya badhnātu ||101||

In the form of a manjari this person may enter the cottage and gaze at the forms of the sleeping youthful Divine Couple. She may remove her tinkling ankle-bells and other ornaments so as not to awaken them.

kampana-cakitair alibhis tyaktum aśakyena tāla-vṛntena |
vījayatu śrama-salilaṁ pratyaṅgaṁ śoṣitaṁ nirūpayatu ||102||

Accompanied by the frightened, trembling gopis, this manjari, unable to leave, may gaze at the Divine Couple and fan their perspiring bodies with a palm-leaf.

rādhā-kuṇḍa-taṭa-vāsa-mahā-sampadaṁ madaḥ so'yam |
kim u vāñchitam atidurlabha-vastuni tam ṛte mamāstu sambhāvyam
||103||

Without the great good-fortune of residing at this Radha-kunda, how shall I fulfill my desire to attain direct service to Divine Couple?

aṣṭama adhika-rahasya-vyañjakaṁ mathnan nibadhyate'tra śatake |
tādṛśa-bhāva-vibhāvita-hṛdayenaivāstu tat sevyam ||104||

By churning Srila Rupa Gosvami's wonderfully confidential Suratastakam, I have been able to write these one hundred verses. I pray that those devotees whose hearts are filled with love for the Divine Couple may relish

these verses.

kha-viyad-ṛtu-kṣamā-gaṇite śāke vṛṣa-saṁsthite divādhīśe |
surata-kathāmṛtam udagad udayatāṁ ca bhakta-hṛn-nabhasi ||105||

This book, “Surata-kathamrita”, was written in the year 1678 during the month of Jyeshtha (May-June), when the sun traversed the constellation Taurus. I pray that this book may arise like a moon within the sky of the devotees' hearts.

iti mahā-mahopādhyāya-śrī-viśvanātha-cakravarti-viracitaḥ
surata-kathāmṛtaṁ samāptam ||

Thus ends “Surata-kathamrita” written by the great poet Sri Vishvanatha Cakravarti.

•